

1346 f23

THE PHILISTINES;
OR,
THE SCOTCH TOCSIN SOUNDERS;

I am SIR CONSEQUENCE,
And when I *speak* let no dog bark.

THE PHILISTINES

Erratum.—Page 9, first line, *for* be gaen *read* be na gaen.

And when I look on thee I never see
The same old face as I have seen

THE PHILISTINES;

OR,

THE SCOTCH TOCSIN SOUNDERS:

A SCENE

At the Jacobin Club, in Blackguard's Wynd.

To which is added

AN HUDIBRASTIC CHAPTER,

CONTAINING

The RISE, PROGRESS, and DOWNFAL of the DOCTRINE of the PHILISTINES,—the woeful Catastrophe of their Great GOLIATH,—and the Destruction of the hideous TEMPLE wherein his ignorant VOTARIES worshipped Him.

NATURE no beast me made, but a *Right Man*;
Not Christian, Jew, nor Turk, but PHILISTAN.
No fears of future State my Conscience keep
From *my heart's will*, 'cause " *Death's eternal Sleep.*"

EDINBURGH:

M.DCC.XCIII.

THE PHILISTINES
THE SCOTCH TOSGIN SOUNDRERS
A SCENE
PRINCIPAL ORATORS.

Captain King's Bench the Gentleman, President.

Geordie Hog the Cowfeeder, Vice-President.

Joseph Babble the Schoolmaster, Secretary.

David Hagabag the Merchant.

George Rottensole the Shoemaker.

Tom Thimble the Tailor.

Davie Druntle the Weaver.

John Dott the Mason.

Willy Want the Pye-baker.

John Drinkbaskie the Barrowman.

Jack Idle the Journeyman.

Rob Riot the Carter, half seas over; and

Dick Squabble, sans occupation, ditto.



THE PHILISTINES, &c.

Speak to a mule which way ye will,
He'll prove a mule, and shame your skill;
For tho' you should belay his rump
With many a thwack and hearty thump,
Your labour's lost—the wretch will bray,
And still go on his crooked way.
So when some fraternizing saint,
Of modern date, with Gallic cant,
Is honestly and well confuted,
And out of every corner routed,
Still, like the mule, of stubborn liver,
He'll clasp stick to's text than eye,
Shewing at once, that headstrong fools
And asses are of kin to mules.

SCENE—*Lucky Clatchie's Inner Chamber, at the Sign of the Battle of Ale,
and broken Bakt.*

President. **C**ITIZEN Idle, I believe you
have the chorus of that *excellent* song, which
the stranger *Gentleman* presented to the society
the other night.—Let's hear it if you please.

Idle. O yes, citizen President.

Idle sings:

Since we are swine,
On blood we'll dine,
And rest on desolation;

Like Sans Culottes

We'll sharp our snouts,
And dig up all the nation—
And dig up all the nation.

Bravo, bravo, from a number of voices.

A 2

Pres.

Pres. Friends ! was not Brutus, I mean that Brutus who in open senate—

Riot. —I' the open street—what for no ? Ecod I'll chap down the best o'em. I never liket gentle fouk a ma days—what's the mon cawn me a brute for an be d—n'd?

Bable. Hout awa Mr. Riot, has the de'il ta'en had o' yir noddle ? Th' President's only speakin' about yin *Mr. Brutish*, a friend o' the people, that kil't the King o' Room.

Riot. Ecod *that's* right. I thought he had been speakin' about the bit faucht I had wi' a gentle billy o' th' street yesterday—ecod I gi'd 'im't—an yin o's legs be na broken it's nae my fau't.

Pres. Come, citizens, the mistake is clear'd up, has any member news to communicate ?

Thimble. O copital news, Mr. President—the Empress of Ruffia's dead a childbed. The French has ta'en Berlin wi' twenty sail o' the line, and nineteen frigats lyin' in the harber ; Cowberg's army's a' drownt i' the black sea, an' th' Duke o' York's awa' to Hofniburg to say prayers to's congregation.

Hog,

Hog. Bravo, citizen Thimble. Bravo. Bit whar did ye get thir gude news, mon?

Thim. Whar did I get them? Whar wud I get them bit i' our ain faithfu' Gazetteer, mon.

Hog. Is't i' the Gazetteer!—ecod there's nae fear bit it's true enough an't be there.

Druntle. An' has th' French fleet ta'en Berlin? I did na think they cud hae spair'd as mony o' their ships evenow frae their ain coasts as wid a ta'en Berlin.

Pres. I heard the news in general before I came here, which Citizen Thimble has communicated, with this addition, that the King of Spain is dethron'd, and that the King of Prussia and Cobourg are both in the prison of the Conciergerie at Paris.

Rottensole. It's a' our ain! Its a' our ain!

Enter Squabble.

Pres. Servant, citizen Squabble, any news?

Squabble. News! yes—and precious news too.

Thimble. Out wi' them, Mr. Squabble, out wi' them.

Squab. A hunder an' fifty thoufan' citizens
o'

o' the world is landet upo' the coast o' Oxfordshire.

Riot. Ecod that's nae far frae Embro'; I'll set aff the night.

Drinkbaslie. What part dis thir citizens o' the World cum frae.

Babble. Frae France, mon—they're a' cum here to mak' us citizens o' the World too.

Willy Want. What isa citizen o' the wordl, Mr. Babble.

Bab. A citizen o' the world's a mon that gangs whar he likes, that dis what he likes, an' says what he likes, and a' the world's free til 'im.

W. Want. I' faith that's the thing for me, an' we' had gude helfum laws like that, thae billies wud na been latten cum ta our house yisterday an' peen'd my furniter for a debt I hae na been due aboon five year; was na that very hard?

Hagabag. Had yir haund—had yir haund, Citizen Want, that winna doe neither; a mon might like vera weel to be a citizen o' the world when he's due mair than he can pay
bit

bit it wudna doo for me to be gaen throw
the wairld seekin' a' them that's o' my buiks.

W. Want. Buiks! I ken naething about buiks.

Hag. But I ken, and therefore I mak' a
motion, that fouk that has na buiks, an' kens
naething about buiks, fudna speak ovr muckle
i' this Society.

Riot. What's a' this din about buiks? De'il
ha'e them that kens about buiks or cares about
buiks, I wis a' the buiks i' the wairld was thrown
i' the sea: we'll never ha'e a right equality till
that happens.

Squab. Well done, Citizen Riot, ye're a true
Sans Culotte.

Pres. O yes, gentlemen, we're all true Sans
Culottes, let us rise and embrace each other
with a civic kiss.

* * * * *

Come, Citizen Squabble your song.

Squabble sings:

My name it is Squabble, I'm one of the Rabble,

Of the *Sou'rein Rabble* I say;

A true *Sans Culotte*, without any doubt,

And at present without any pay.

But the time it draws nigh, when we shall be high,

Each one in his *grand-situation*.

The

The clock it strikes one ! the deed it is done !

Hell and fire ! Blood and wounds ! *desolation !*

Then let us cheer up, and trust to our luck,

Like Brothers in one occupation,

For the time it draws nigh, when we shall be high,

Each one in his *great situation*.

Each one in his *great situation*.

Chorus by all,

For the clock it strikes one ! the deed it is done !

Hell and fire ! blood and wounds ! *DESOLATION !*

Applauses, Applauses, Applauses.

Riot. Ecod that Sang 'grees unco weel
wi' my stamoch : What post will I get amo'
ye, Sirs—for that pairt o't, an I cud get ma
haund on a gude whin yellow boys, I waud lat
ye tak the gryt posts to yirfells—I've hard me
brither the foger say, that the post o' honor's the
post o' danger—I wud na like to be hanget an
I cud help it.

Bab. Fy, citizen Riot, hanget's nae the wurd
here, it's gullotin'd ye fud say.

Riot. Gulletteen—what's that, mon?

Bab. It's a thing for takin' aff fouks heads,
mon—there's yin o' them at the back o' the
council chamber o' Embro'.

Riot. What's't doin' there, mon ? I wis
they

thae Billies be gaen to shave sum o' our paws
wi't—Ecod we wud need to tak care o' our-
fels.

Bab. O yes—we maun tak care o' ourfels.

Riot. Coptain, winna yi ca in a drap mae
Whiskey—Ecod, Mr. Babble, I've taen the
curley whingles i' my guts, sin ye spak about
that gulleyste'en at the back o' th' council-cham-
bero' Embro—I was yince there afore, an' there
wis sumthing happent ti'me that I'll mind a'
th' days o' my life.

Bab. Weefht, weefht, Mr. Riot.

Idle. Come, Ge'men, push about the glafs.

Pres. Your toast and song, citizen Idle.

Idle. I'll give you *Liberty and Equality*, with
three times three.

Applauded—Huzza—Huzza—Huzza.

Idle sings :

Attend, my brave boys, to the words of a *friend*,

A friend to the people *indeed*,

Who has wrought all his life *two whole days of the*
week,

And yet he can never make bread.

But the time is at hand, when work it must stand,

And the Devil may go drudge if he will,

B

When

When the *friends of the peop*—shall have nothing to do,
But to eat—and to drink—and to kill.

Then fill up your bumpers, my jolly brave boys,
And drive all remorse quite away,
I'd rather be hang'd, and be dead, and be d—n'd,
Than to work for my bread day by day.

Squab. That's a d—n'd good song, I must
have a copy of it from you Mr Idle.

Hag. By yir leave, Mr. President, I'm gaen
out a wee. [Exit Hagabag.

Riot. Mr. President, what think ye o' yon
Mr. Hagabag, I wis he be na a Stocricat, as
they ca't.

W. Want. A Stocricat—what's a Stocricat,
Mr. Babble.

Bab. O—that's yin o' yir rich fouk that's
for keepin' a' thing quiet.

Riot. Ecod an that be's way he canna be
a friend o' ours, for if a' thing was quiet, the
de'il a plack wud yin o's mak' for a' our pala-
vrin an' pains.

John Dott. I ken Mr. Hagabag's principles;
he's for a *reform only*—I wis ye ha'e na feert
him awa' wi' thir stories about the Frenches.

Riot.

Riot. An' what's yir ain way o't, Mr. Dott.

Dott. What's your bis'ness, ye drunkert.

Riot. Ecod, billy, an ye cum that way agen,
I'll—

Pres. Order, citizens, order, hush is the word.

Squab. Yes, yes, hush is the word, Ge'men.

Riot. But what say ye til't, *Gentlemen*, about
thir gude news about the Frenches—what's to
be dune, *Gentlemen*,

Pres. That businefs will be taken into con-
sideration to-morrow evening. —Come, Mr.
Dott, *your* toast and song.

Dott. I'll gi'e ye, "Men an' manners."

Riot. Men and manners! Hum!

Dott sings:

I ha'e a wee house o' my ain,

And a wee pickle gear I've laid by,

A kail-yard, an' a gude peat-stack,

An' a byre, wi' a kiple o' ky.

I dinna wis ony man ill, but would wis to see a' thing
made right,

I hope I've said naething amis,

And say wis ye a' a good night.

Dott. [aside] Frae sick a hell crew may God
o's mercy deliver me, Amen.

[*Exit* under a volley of hisses and clamour.

Drinkb. Gentlemen, it's beginnin' to grow
late, an' my filler's wearin' dune, I believe I'll
be wissin ye a gude night.

Pres. We must have your toast and song
before you go, and besides, I wish you to stay
to hear the hour mentioned when we are to
meet here to-morrow evening.

Drinkb. Weel I'll gi'e ye, "Honest men
and bonny lasses."

Pres. *Honest men an' bonny lasses, Gentle-*
men.

Drinkb. sings :

Tho' a borrowman I be, yet I love honestee,
And to act a gude part i' my station,
I love me country weel, I hope I've said nae ill,
So to 'ithers I'll leave Reformation.
There's some perhaps think, 'cause I like a sup drink,
That I'm ready for ony vocation,
Yet I wad have ye a' know, I'm not sic a black crow,
As to pick out the guts o' our nation.

[All the society at once.] *Out, out, out.—Stoc-*
ricate villain, &c. (Noise and uproar for se-
veral minutes.)

Riot.

Riot. Ecod I'm sorry I didna brak balth's legs for him.

Enter Hagabag.

Hag. Mr. President, what's the meanin' o' a' this din, I met John the borrowman at the door, he says he'll no join the French, tho' there war five hunder thoufan' o' them landit. I tauld him he needna gi'e himsell mickle trouble about that, for the de'il yin o' them's landit. Lord Howe's sent twa three score o' their barks to the bodom o' the sea, an' the rest's awa' hame to get themselfs gullyteen't for ha'in' ill luck.

Riot. An' is na the French billies landit after a'? Ecod I'm sorry for that. It spoils my game a' the gither.

Squab. I'll not believe a word of Mr. Hagabag's news, I never believe ony news but what's in the Edinbro' Gazetteer.

Hag. De'il care whether ye believ't or no; a' that I can say is, that if ye pit on the National Cokad owr soon ye may cum to get yirself hanget. Idinna like yir wey, Mr. Squabble, ye're in owr gryt haste. What de'il ha'e we to do wi' the French, if we bring them here

to heal our sairs, they'll may be mak them war,

Rottensf. Mr. Hagabag, yir' an unco' chang't, mon.

Hag. I'm nae chang't. It's a reform I'm wantin' an' was ay wantin'. I'm feert an' we get yin frae the French that it'll no be to our likin'.

Rottensf. A Reform ! we need ither things ; we need a Constitution mon.

Riot. Yes, yes, we want a Constitution an' a Revolution.

Hag. Na, na, there is a Constitution already, they're mad fouk, that says we ha'ena a Constitution, only it wud na be the war maybe to be mendet a wee.

Bab. Ay, ay, Mr. Hagabag, we understaund ye, that's to say, gin they wud mak you yin o'the Bailies o' Embro' the Constitution wud na need ony mendin'.

Hag. An' what for no? men wurth filler sud na be negleckit, tho' they binna fu' o' manners, yit ther filler sud mak them o' consequence.

Squab. Just so, Mr. Hagabag, your filler thou'd get you consequence, and our consequence, I hope, will get us filler,

Riot.

Riot. Ay, and gowd too, an' filler spoons,
there's a hantle o' filler spoons about Embro'.

Hag. Had yir tongue, yir a Rubber, sir.

Pres. Mr. Hagabag, ye see Mr. Riot's a
little touch't wi' drink, ye maun excuse him.

Hag. I' faith, an fouk be allow't lang, they'll
touch ither things as weel's drink.

Hog. Mr. Hagabag, I commend ye ; fouk
wurth filler sud na be negleckit. I ha'e fifty
pound stocket in Sir William's Bank, and yet
the gryt fouk 'ill no mind me whan they meet
me, nae mair than if I war yin o' my four-fit-
ted namesakes.

Riot. Ecod I kent ye when ye had neither
cow nir fow.

Hag. Gae awa' ye vagabon' ; Sir President, I'm
gaen out a little to see what's dooin' at haim,
I'll no byd lang.

Riot. I believe Hog wants a post too as
weel's Mr. Hagabag ; an they wud tak' notice
o' me and gi'e me a post, I wud had me tung.

Hag. Ay, ay, ye'll get a post ; there's a post at
thewast en' o' th' towbooth o' Embro', whar ye'll
be weel ta'en notice o', for ye'll be i' mony
yin's

yin's fight—an' I's warran ye, an yince ye cum there, ye'll no be lang a hadin' yir tongue.

Druntle. What needs fouk be speakin' about posts, we canna a' get posts—there is na posts to gi'e that wud sair the ha'f o's—I've cum here mesell for the gude o' the nation.

Riot. De'il h'ae them that believes that; they say, ye get sillerfrae the gryt fok's for tellin a' that's said an' done here.

Druntle. I winna suffer sic discourse, Mr. Prefident, rebuke that mon. I'm as gude a patriot as ony yin here.

Pres. Come, Mr. Druntle, never mind Citizen Riot, he's only a little tipsey, which the best of us may be at a time—Your toast and song.

Druntle. Weel I's gi'e ye "Ev'ry bodie their ain."

Riot. That's a d—n'd uncivil toast.

Babble. Uncivik toast ye sud ca't, mon.

Riot. Ow I, civil or uncivil, its a' yin.

Druntle. Mr. Prefident, I'm ta'en very ill wi' a colick, an' maun gang haim—I won'er how ony bodie wud fit in sic a bla'kguard's company as that carter Riot.

Riot.

Riot. Ecod lad an yince the French Billies war cum, I'll cure yi o' yir colick, I'll rip ye up frae the navel to the chin.

Druntle aside.

L—d ha'emermy upon us!—Ch—t ha'e mer-
cy upon us! the sweat's washin' my face—
Bit I ken as mickle o' the hell crew as 'ill gar
them a' get a kifs frae the hangman. I'll gang
an' inform directly. *[Exit Druntle.*

Pres. Come, come, *gentlemen*, our discourse
has been rather desultory; let's proceed to
serious business; I find from a civic newspa-
per, which has been just now put into my hand,
that Citizen Thimble's news *needs confirmation*,
at the same time Mr. Hagabag's intelligence is
not contradicted; in this situation we intend
to drop the subject of the French for the pre-
sent, and go into a committee on the state of
the Nation.

Riot. Ecod I'm needin' a sleep, the state o'
the nation 'ill no pit a bawbee i' my pouch—
when the French billies land, I'm ready to
help them, an I binna laid *a limbo* afore that.
The beagles have been seekin' me thir twa
days for debt. I sauld my hors an' cart this

C

morn-

mornin' to keep them out o' their clutches, an' as the de'il wud ha'e't, I've spent a' the filler bit yey crown.

Pres. Come, citizen Riot, your toast and song before you go.

Riot. Ecod I'll gi'e you a toast—I'll gi'e ye,
' A' the warld turn't up side down.

Riot sings :

When first I came to Embro' town,
The laws were hard indeed,
A man durst neither *squeak* nor *grunt*,
Nor brak' anither's head ;
But now *sweet Liberty's* begun,
And we can do's we please,
A' the warld's turn'd upside down,
O the glorious days !

Chear up your hearts, my brave boys,
The time is not far off
When we shall laugh, and dance, and sing,
And slice the rich man's loaf ;
We'll slice the rich man's loaf, my boys,
And then go try his wine,
We'll draw our knives, we'll kifs their wives,
And then sit down and dine.

Squab. &c. Bravo, O bravo, bravo.

[*Exit* Riot.

Hag. Mr. President, if ever that mon sets his
foot

foot in this society agen I'll ha'e done wi' a' yir affairs.

Pres. I cannot answer for that.

Hag. Weel, Mr. President, ye was gawn to state some o' the 'fairs o' the nation—I'll be glad to hear that.

Enter Hog.

Hog. I met that fallow Riot o' the stair yenow, ecod I dinna like him, he's for drawin' blude directly, he'll spoil a' gin he does that.

Hag. I'll ha'e nothing ado wi' blude; it's nae blude that I'm wantin'.

Squab. By G—d ye shud a tauld's that sooner, we're ovr far in the scrape now, it was you that fought us, we war na seekin' you.

Rott. and Bab. By G—d that's true enough,

Rottenf. It wis you an' someithers that's nae far aff that fill't a' the newspapers wi' complaints about taxes an' representations, and reformations, an' the de'il kens what, an' fet fouks heads agog, that was mindin' their wark, whan ye midl't wi' them.—And I've gotten mysell a' in debt throw neglectin' my business wi' yir d——d nonsens; an' what way's't to

be payt—Ecod, afore I gang to the towbooth I'll work some bodie.

Hog. As for taxes I never thought mickle about them, 'cause as lang's I get ma price for ma milk I'll doo weel enough.

Idle. Come, *Gentlemen*, dinna lat's bodder yin anither; there's gude days waitin's yet. A parliamentary reform, *that's the word*.

Pres. A parliamentary reform, *that's the word*, *Gentlemen*, that would make us all right.

Rottens. Ecod, Mr President, it's no easy understandin' ye. What the de'il's a parliamentary reform to me? I wad na mak' the price o' a pair of shoon be the bargain; will a parliamentary reform gi'ea mon filler that has nane, or pay's debt for him? whan ye began wi' this affair, I thought ye was gawn to mak's a' Kings, Priests, and Prophets, and now when we're ready to doe what we ay thought ye wantet's to doe, ye're no for that neither; i' the mean time a' my gude customers ha'e left me for ma Jacobin principles, as they ca' them, an' now I'm fae reduc'd to beg'ry an' desperation, that I dinna care what I doe; bit some bodie 'ill ha'e a' this to answer for.

Pres.

Pres. O, Mr. Rottenfole, you are quite mistaken; when we get a parliamentary reform, our taxes will be lessened, and we will all be better than we are.

Rottenf. I dinna ken how mickle better ye may be bi a reform, bit I'm shure they'll reform weel before they mak me in as gude a way as when you first set's on to thir Transactions.

Hag. Bit, Mr. President, ye mauna speak o' takin' aff taxes sa hastily; an ye doe, what 'ill become o'our ain nat'ral-born subjects, that lent a' ther siller to the state, an' his nae way o' gettin't back again bit by means o' the taxes; na, na; the taxes disna belang to the parliament nor the people, nor yet the friends of the people, they belang to the creditors of the nation. Ye maun lat thir creditors be pay't first, afore ye speak o' takin' aff taxes, if you do otherways it 'ill be just a rubbry, an' a sad rubbry toe, for it 'ill brak a' the Banks in England an' Scotland, and syn they'll brak ithers, and sae the hale nation 'ill gae to wrack thegither, for de'il a man 'ill trust anither.

Squab.

Squab. D—n the Public Creditors; we don't know any Creditors but our own, and if they were to use us as *they* have done, we would cut *their* throats too.

Hag. Cut *their* throats !

Idle. Yes, cut *their* throats—had yir bodderation, Mr. Hagabag ye're a poft ovr late ; ye've endet whar ye fud a begun, we hard naething about a' thir stories whan first you an' us cam thegither. Ye tauld's that we war a' slaves, that the K—g an' the Nobility war a' Rubbers ; whether that be true or no, I shanna say, bit ye ta'en's aff our wark mony a day, an' now we're brought to that o't, that we dinna care how shoorn we turn rubbers ourfels, sae if there's ony thing amifs, its you that learnt's our lessons.

Squab. That's true, Mr. Idle, and d—n them that gi'es up the point. If the President an' the rest o' our gryt fouk winna gang on wi' the sceme they first propos'd we'll even try what we can doe bi ourfels—we ha'e the example of our brethren in France, whar as sma' fouk as we are ha'e gotten ther haunds in amo' the nation's gowd, an' ther a—se into a coach an' fax.

Bab.

Bab. Well doen, Mr. Squabble, that's pat.

Hog. Faith, *gentlemen*, I wis ye ha'e na been leadin' me be the *snout*. I dinna like our affairs sae weel's I did yince. I ha'e sumthing to loss, bit unco' little to gain bi the story—our wife wha does na want sence says ay that, an' what'll cum o' my twa laddies Jockyan' Du kan? the tane's bit four year auld, an' the tither seven, an' what'll cum o' thae bairns for edication an' up-bringin', whan ye begin yir kick-up?—an' what'll cum o' ma fifty gude pounds i' Sir William's Bank, that's ay what our Meg speaks about—she says they're *sad sov'r'ins* the people, whan yince they begin, they'll tak' the life an' the filler thegither.

Squab. I'm for liberty and equality, an' an equal dividin' o' property; that's my way, an' we'll get thousands to join us.

Hog. Ha, ha, lad, that'll no doe, I'll be d—n'd before ye get the ha'f o' my fifty pound i' Sir William's Bank—ye hinna ony thing to gi'e me the ha'f o' mon.

Squab. If I dinna get the ha'f o't, I'll maybe get the hale o't, an' that's better.

Hog.

Hog. O ye d—n'd blackguard. Mr. Babble, I hope that's nae your principles.

Babble. Ye see, Mr. Hog, if ye tak' the thing in a obstraktikal, metifisical, comprehensical kind o' a way, it may doe, it was the way the first Christians did—they liv'd a' thegither; an' I'm sue ye're a gude Christian.

Hog. Ecod I see a' you fouks that has nae-thing's ay keen for that equality sort of story; I dinna ken mickle about your foran words, nor yet about the *first* Christians, bit bi a' the account I ever hard o' them, they war a hantel better fouk than the *last* Christians o' the present generation.

Hag. I' faith that's very true, Mr. Hog, thae lads wi' their equality 'ill oblige us to tak' the goverment side to keep's frae bein' beggars, or men without heads, for ye may be shoor that whan ever thae fouk taks a man's geer they'll tak aff's head to keep's tongue frae bearing witness against them.

Hog. Ecod, ye're right, Mr. Hagabag, but the de'il mak matter, tho' the loons sud claw you weel, for ye was yin o' th' beginners o' the jobb.

Hag

Hog. Me! Mr. Hog. Bi my faith they're cum ovr near our doors now.

Hog. An' wha did it? Did your tongues ever ly without doors an' within doors, at Kirk an' at market, i' the coffee-houses, an' o' the street, sleepin' an' waukin', eatin' an' drinkin', wis na't yir constant theme, *the sov'renty o' the people*; an' now if I be na mista'en, they'll help themselves to the best things i' yir chop, an' cutt aff yir head afore your ain door, if ye offer to complain—our Meg says the sov're'n people'll play the devil whan yince they begin.

Squab. Mr. President, I'll gi'e ye a toast—Here's D—n to all K—gs and Aristocrats.

Idle. I pledge ye, Mr. Squabble—an' here's to *the sov'renty o' the people*.

Pref. As we are not like to agree to night, we will adjourn, if you please; we therefore adjourn until to-morrow night at seven o' clock, before that time we may get better news.

Hog. Ecod that's ay the way o't, whan ever the French gets ther payin'-bouts. It's only a reform in parliament we're wantin', bit whan't turns out the tither way, we're a' ca'd the sov're'ns o' the people, an' the President

D

an'

an' Mr. Hagabag, an' the rest o' the grypt fouk o' the society shaks haunds wi's a'—but de'il tak me an' ever I set my a—se i' this place agen, for my wife's forbidden me—and I ken main besides that.

Squab. Idle, &c. Hallo, Lucky, bring anither half mutchkin.

Enter Lucky Clatchie.

Clatchie. Gentlemen, there's ha'f a hunder fogers wi' fixt begonets at the door, and three Gentlemen wi' them speerin' gin yin Captain King's Bench and yin Mr. Hagabag be here.

Enter Soldiers, Constables, Messenger, &c.

Messenger. Messrs. King's Bench and Hagabag, you and the whole of this company are my prisoners upon a charge for a conspiracy against the King and the Country—here is my warrant.

King's Bench. I came here for the good of my country—to promote a reform in Parliament.

Constable. That is only your pretence, Sir, for being here, we know your designs, which will be proven in the face of your country.

Squabble,

Squabble, Idle, &c. Yes we will prove that they set us on, we'll turn king's evidence.

Con. We have evidence enough against both you and them, and as you have been partakers of their guilt, so will you also be of their punishment, I suppose.

Hog. I was against bloody measures.

Con. Yes, I believe you was, when you saw that you had overshot your mark, and that the coals you had kindled was likely to burn yourself.

Thim. I'm only a poor tailor. I wis I had never cum here, bit I was fond o' hearin' news, an' tellin' news.—I'm no a man o' blude, I assure ye.

W. Want. I'm a poor penny-pye baker, I wud never a been here bit for thir two *Gentlemen*; they spak sae mickle about dividin' the Sov'rei'nty amo' the people, that I thought I wud ha'e a gude chance to be made Pye-baker General to the Nation, throw the interest o' the President an' Mr. Hagabag; it was a case o' necessity wi' me, I assure ye.

Rottenf. I'm an undune mon, an' my undoes stand here present. I was yance hap-

py at hame, wi' my wife an' family;—my trade was gude, an' my bairns was weel fed an' cled;—bit now, G—d help me, I canna get my ain house keepit for fouk cravin' me for debt. I was brought out, night after night, riotin' an' babblin' at Societies about reform, till it became a pain to me to look after my ain bis'ness.—Alas! I ha'e been corrupt to hearken to sic counfels against my ain natif country, that the thoughts o' them maks my blude run cauld. I am an unfortunate man.

Hog. I'll tell a' I ken. I never meant ony ill. If I had tane our Meg's advice I wud na ha'e cum back here the night agen.

Constable. Poor misled men! your situations excite sympathy; but what kind of characters are those gentlemen, who, to revenge disappointment in unreasonable expectations, have not scrupled to pursue means, which, if God had not prevented them, might have ended in the loss of thousands of lives, and in the utter ruin and destruction of our native country.



RISE AND PROGRESS

OF

PHILISTINISM.

(88)

RISE & PROGRESS

OF

PHILISTINISM.

ON German seas BRITANNIA rides,
The sky her cloak, her belt the tides ;
A Lady fair, of august mien,
As Ocean, Earth, or Skies had ever seen.

Her Children steady, wise, and bold,
From warlike nations sprung of old,
By time and arts of peace refin'd,
To be the boast and pride of human kind.

The Dame, with fond parental care,
Had nurs'd her vent'rous sons afar,
And drain'd her purse full many a time
To help their infant wants in western clime.

At

At last, grown stout and sturdy elves,
 The lads would set up for themselves ;
 And, with ingratitude unmatch'd,
 To quarrel with their aged Parent watch'd !

These vagrant Children, you must know,
 On each hand had a sworn foe ;
 Who daily fought all means to do
 The Mother and her Children mischief too:

Gaul's restless sons did press them fore ;
 The Spanish Dons were at their door ;
 The Indian tribes hung on their heels,
 The good old Mother's call'd to cure their ills:

And, O my Muse ! support me here,
 While I digress, with one sad tear,
 O'er valiant WOLFE's untimely grave,
 Wolfe ! sacrific'd ingratitude to save !

Gaul's sons now leave the western shore;
 And Yankee feels the danger o'er ;
 Th' exhausted Mother shows her scars
 She'd suffer'd for him in the wars.

But Yankee stalks with huge parade,
 And turns a proud and saucy blade,

Dis-

Disowns the breasts that nurs'd his youth,
 He owes her nought—he knows her not, for-
 sooth !

Th' indignant Parent now complains
 Of those, who sprung from her own reins ;
 Her rivals lend her a deaf ear,
 And join her sons against her, 'cause she's fair.

And Gallia's apes, of monkey tribe,
 Stood first of those who took a side
 Against the fore oppressed Dame,
 Hir'd by her Sons to their eternal shame !

Now, you must know, the monkeys were
 In bondage to the race of bear,
 Which long had rode a-top of them,
 Because they never were like other men.

Like lightning quick, the monkeys rise,
 And with shrill noise wound the skies :
 They dance together in array,
 Ah ! Le grand Bear commands, and we'll obey.

Encompast by an host of foes,
 Britannia never tastes repose,

E For

For seven long years. At last she said,
Ungratefult ! take your will, I'm almost dead.

The monkeys now had got a taste
Of insurrection in the West ;
And in their knapsacks brought it home,
To fit, and cant, and rook, and brood upon.

At first, the monkeys did behave,
Much better than you wou'd believe,
And play'd their parts with so much grace,
You'd almost thought them of the human race.

But, ah ! the sequel shows too well,
That monkeys will be monkeys still,
'They've murder'd poor unlucky Bruin,
And plung'd themselves in black disastrous ruin!

Now Lewis was a worthy creature,
Had nothing savage in his nature ;
So much the worse for Europe's peace,
That that unhappy Prince had so much grace.

Voltaire, a native of the land,
Where bloody baboons now command,
Has honestly and squarely said,
' That monkeys *ever* must by bears be led.'

Him-

Himself an ape-philosopher,
Was forc'd this truth to discover,
(Heaven grant a Prophet he may be,
That Europe and the world soon peace may see.)
These French baboons have been the rack
Of Europe, for some cent'ries back,
For scarce a quarrel has been seen,
In which their meddling fingers have not been.

But all their freaks and fancies wild
Are but like playings of a child,
Compar'd with what they now profess,
To set the world aright! for all's amiss!

AND now an epoch opens on our view,
So strange, so mad, so wondrous, and so new;
That vulgar numbers will not suit our plan,
To sing the *Progress of the Rights of Man!*

The *Rights of Man!* if *rightly* understood,
Means *all's* been *wrong* since *years* beyond the
flood;

Nay, some in France, who hold the matter
tight,

Say G—d himself didn't make the world *right*.

'Tis thus the baboons blaspheme HEAVEN'S
KING,

And find a fault in each created thing :

They call aloud to all the human kind,

ALL NATIONS! worship *us*! for ye are *blind*.

But, ah! alas! shall it e'er be confest,

That Britain's sons have *worshipped the beast*!

Yes,—there are *some*, who hold the baboon's
creed,

But, thanks to Heaven, they are but *few indeed*!

'Twas thus, while Britain silent sat reclin'd,

Revolving nature in her placid mind,

She felt no ranklings in her gen'rous breast,

Altho' *so lately* and *so sore* oppress'd.

Her losses counted up, tho' great she found;

Her honor still remain'd without a wound:

'Twas thus she sat, serene, and trimm'd her
wings,

By Heav'n protect'd thro' the best of Kings.

When in an evil hour a fiend arriv'd

From hell, or Sodom, or such place reprov'd;

May Heav'n grant us patience while we name

This representative of baboons,—PAINE.

Curst

Curst be the day! by Heaven darken'd o'er,
 On which his feet polluted Britain's shore;
 More evils has he scatter'd o'er our land,
 Than e'er were held in dire Pandora's hand.
 For when hell's tempest of discord he blew,
 The happiest prospects open'd to our view;
 Our commerce wide-increas'd did so expand,
 That British goods were found in *ev'ry* land.
 From pole to pole, the HONOUR of our name,
 In ARMS, in ARTS, and FAITH, became the
 theme.

And, as if Heaven, pitying our late cares,
 And sad disasters in unnat'ral wars,
 Had smil'd benignly on the British race,
 The nation felt itself grow rich apace;
 The busy artist did not toil in vain,
 The husbandman was blest with store of grain;
 The lab'ring hind went jocund on his way,
 And high and low were well,—and pleas'd,—
 and gay.

'Twas thus we stood, when straight from
 Yankie's shore,
 Tom Paine! hell's fam'd ambassador! came
 o'er.

He

He held the Devil's weapons in his teeth,
 The same *that* fiend seduc'd his brethren with,
 For as of old, in Heaven, puffed up with pride,
 He took the *Angels* on the weaker side;
 So Paine assails poor *Man* on the same string
 The Devil employ'd to take the *Angels* in.

Says he, ' My worthy *friends*, you are all
 ' MEN,
 ' Your King he is no more;—it follows then,
 ' That you're as good as him, and straight may
 ' claim,
 ' To govern for yourselves in your own
 ' name.'

This is the text, which *honest* Tom gave
 out,
 When he came here to raise the rabble-rout;
 A text, which does contain, in one short
 breath,
 Rage, battle, murder, wounds, and sudden
 death,
 Because, men may as well engage to bind,
 And put into a sack the northern wind,
 As think, that e'er the human race cou'd be
 Govern'd by such a black fraternity.

As

As Tom himself has felt, perhaps ere now,
 Among his bloody, blasted, blackguard crew,
 For whom alone he's fit, being one of those
 Who h've *much* to gain because they've *nought*
to lose.

AND here again we change our rhyme,
 Because we've now got to the time,
 When Tom Paine's Phyfic took effect,
 Upon the guts of ev'ry sect :
 Who vomited upon the nation
 The spleen and gall of *innovation*,
 Which, like our doggrel, ran so fast,
 That it *itself* out-ran at last;
 Leaving its vot'ries to wonder
 They should mistake a f—t for thunder !

‘ Each sow-gelder, who blew his horn,
 ‘ To geld a cat, *now* cry'd, *Reform!*’
 The dose Tom gave had prov'd so strong,
 That heads, which were before but wrong,
 Did now grow *stark and staring mad.*
 His boluses they were so bad.

See ! with what rage the Cobler burns,
 His face is red and white, by turns.

His

His very *heart* is like to break,
 You'd think the man had's *AWL at stake*;
 Ask him the reason why his brow
 Is clouded, straight he'll tell you, how
 As that he is not *represented*,
 For which he's very discontented:
 Take pity on the man's disease,
 And ask him calmly, if you please,
 What *represented* means? he'll say,
 ' I cannot tell you that *to-day*.'
 Next ask him, How his trade goes on?
 The man will answer, with a groan,
 This cursed war will ruin us all,
 And force *me* to shut up my stall:
 Stop, John, says you, you run too fast,
 I doubt you've got *beyond your last*!
 Did ever any body read,
 A cobbler broke for want of bread!
 In *war or peace* 'tis very clear,
 The soles of shoes must *always* wear:

Now, hear the Tailor loud declaim
 'Gainst Kings, and Princes, and Great Men.
 The *man's* in such a flurry got,
 You'd think he'd spoil'd a gold-lac'd coat.

Sum

Sum up his arguments, you'll find,
They are more flimsy than the wind.

Says Clip, *our* taxes are so bad,
They'll ruin *us* all, and d—n our trade.
Stop, Mr. Clip, a hearer says,
What taxes isn't a tailor pays?
Does he pay taxes on his goose?
Or on his thimble, or a louse?
Nay, now, good squire, I think you're mad,
Your reasonings would spoil your trade,
'Tis these great folks that wear fine cloaths,
Who feed your guts, and make you beaux,
When on the Sundays out ye strut,
Drest in his Lordship's old wore suit.

Next comes the law's Draw-cancer Scribe,
The vilest rogue of all the tribe,
Who chatters out his smatt'ring lore,
'Bout Greece, and Rome, and days of yore,
When *men* were *men*, and had not Kings,
Those (poor as he calls them) useless things.
Mean while, the crafty knave conceals
What faithful history reveals;
That Greece and Rome both went to pot,
And slavery became their lot,

F

'Thro'

Thro' mad and speculative dreams
 Of *pure* Republics, and such whims!
 Rules fit for angels ne'er cou'd bind
 The *rotten mass* of all mankind.
 The hell-born conscience of the man
 Knows all this well; yet if he can
 But *catch* some good reforming *friends*
 To be his clients, that's *his ends*:
 'Mong whom, 'gainst sense, and public weal,
 He daily vents his feigned zeal.

Look at the Weaver, as he stands,
 At *club* or *feast*, with up-lift hands,
 Handling the matters of the state,
 With bus'ness' brow, in wise debate.
 Last week he spoke for half an hour,
 About the people's sov'reign pow'r:
 And quoted largely from Tom Paine,
 To show his *knowledge* was not lame.
 This *Leader* bold goes out and gathers
 Prim'ry assemblies of the beggars,
 Whose resolutions straight appear
 In *Anarchy's* *bir'd Gazetteer*.
 Let's see what sort of knave we've got,
 Who acts this part in the *fool's plot*.

A poor,

A poor, illiterate, blackguard swab,
 Thro' drink and mis'ry well-nigh mad.
 Who now would grasp at any project,
 To keep him from a jailor's logic.
 Whose tuneful notes he more than once
 Has heard, like *leading men in France*.

The Barber's Boy, with each flap
 He gives his razor on his strap,
 With broken breath steals out a word,
 As he prepares to shave your beard,
 He cannot, for his soul, refrain
 To wag his tongue at public men,
 He has the canine madness caught,
 And must speak out as he's been taught,
 He is a member of a club,
 Who's preses sits upon a tub,
 And very often in the dark;
 Their senate-house is *Bearford's Park*.

Next hear a bold Salt-herring Glutton,
 Who underground sells thread and button,
 His face with ire and whisky flushes,
 As keen into debate he rushes.

This blade is for *Equality*,
 Because nor Lord nor Duke will buy
 An article from out his shop.
 Says he, 'I live by the poor folk.'
 With malice in his burning gut,
 He *squeezes out* his vulgar wit,
 'Gainst all who hap to be his betters :
 Then do but hear him on state-matters ;
 Quoth he, ' It is a foolish thing,
 ' For folk to pay and *keep* a King ;
 ' We might be Kings a-piece, if we,
 ' *Like brethren*, could but *once* agree.'

Ah ! said a Royalist, as he smil'd,
 My *friend*, you worry your own child.
 If men agree'd, as you have said,
 Your proposition wou'd be good.
 Nor Soldier, King, nor Scribe, nor Priest,
 Wou'd mankind need, when *all* were *blest*
 With purity of *will* and *heart*,
Each one to act an *honest part*.
 Alas ! *we know* that's not the case,
 Nor have mankind got yet the grace,
 Of Heav'n so large—'tis all romance ;
 Look at the present *kings* of France.

FELL

FELL ANARCHY brings up the band,
 With pick, or ax, or spade in hand;
 Who, while he's taking snuff with *John*,
 In rapid words does thus go on :
 ' What think ye, neighbour, o' the Book,
 ' Ye got in lend frae Robie Rook ?
 ' I saw't mysel', I think 'tis plain
 ' That *we* are very ill-us'd men,
 ' To be fae lang kept frae the acres,
 ' Which God has gi'en to a' his creatures,
 ' And, then, it says that we are taxed,
 ' To pay up scores we ne'er contracted ;
 ' They ca't, I think, the Nation'l Debt,
 ' But I shou'd think there's some mistake ;
 ' For neither me, nor yet my wife,
 ' Were ever crav'd for 't in our life.
 ' Ha ! ha ! says neighbour John, ye're wrang,
 ' As ye fall hear afore it's lang,
 ' For I was lately i' the town,
 ' To buy mysel' a pair o' shoon ;
 ' And had a crack wi' Willie Guile,
 ' Our merchant, near the stinkin' style,
 ' He keeps the buik upon his counter,
 ' And ilka cust'mer gets a bumper,

‘ Out

' Out o' the bottle i' the shop,
 ' He keeps for treatin' country fouk,
 ' Who stay to hear him read a part,
 ' He says it shou'd be got by heart,
 ' Now I mind weel that Willie said,
 ' That taxes ought not to be paid,
 ' (And Willie is a souple loun,
 ' And kens the tricks o' ilka town).'
 ' While thus the idle sots discourse,
 ' Up comes the laird upon his horse,
 ' Who, having found out, by their din,
 ' The subject they had got upon,
 ' Restrain'd his beast, as if to say,
 ' How goes it, my good lads, to-day ?
 ' Quoth he, it has been told to me,
 ' That ye're proposing to make free
 ' With these my lands ye stand upon,
 ' Can that be possible, good John ?'

' No, no,' quoth John, ' an't please your ho-
 ' nour,

' 'Tis only Dick, to scratch his humour,
 ' Who havers nonsense about that,
 ' It's taxes I am *angry* at.'

' Indeed;

' Indeed, my friends,' replies the master,
 ' The flesh that's whole don't need a plaster,
 ' And yours is whole enough just now,
 ' If ye wou'd only keep it so.
 ' But you torment yourselves, and claw
 ' Your flesh for what's not worth a straw.
 ' Your needful things on which is laid
 ' A tax, are few, 'tis eas'ly paid,
 ' They're beer and candles, hides and soap,
 ' The needful these—(I'm right, I hope.)
 ' To drink fell whisky or dear wine,
 ' Ye may or not, as y'like, decline.
 ' Now, what's the duty, in a year,
 ' On candles, leather, soap and beer,
 ' An ord'nar' family may need?
 ' 'Twill scarce come to a mark a-head.
 ' This very mark you do not pay,
 ' 'Tis I who give you't, day by day,
 ' In wages good and reasonable,
 ' To pay *your taxes* and *your trouble*.
 ' Ye're fools—if taxes there were none,
 ' Your wages would be clipped down.
 ' As for the knave, whoe'er he be,
 ' That says from taxes ye'll be free,

' He

' He is a greater thief than e'er
 ' Did bear the lash, or swing in air ;
 ' Because he does advise to cheat
 ' Our brethren, who have lent the State
 ' Their money ; for the taxes laid
 ' Is with intent to see *them* paid.
 ' (To *them* the taxes do belong,
 ' And not to *you* or *me*, good John).
 ' Which, if we should refuse to pay,
 ' It will our brethren so dismay,
 ' That Bankruptcy will drown the nation,
 ' And ruin men of every station.
 ' For when no one will trust another,
 ' All trade will stop, and so will labour.
 ' Then ye wou'd wish that ye were slaves,
 ' In foreign land, or in your graves,
 ' When wives and children make their moan
 ' For bread, of which they can get none.

Thus did the blessed *Rights* of Man
 Put rogues and fools upon a plan,
 To plunge their country into ruin,
 And hast'n on *their own* undoing.
 When *uninformed* men did chat,
 And babble out *they knew not what* ;

And

And fam'd societies were set,
 In *solemn* council and debate,
 Where 'twas maintain'd, that there was paid,
 Throughout the nation, on each head,
 Full five pounds sterling yearly tax,
 Which brought one on his legs to ax,
 How that could be? when he at home,
 His wife, his daughter, and his son,
 Had only ten whereon to live,
 The *wages full* his master gave.

At last the fools began to spunk,
 And stop their noses at the funk
 The *Rogues* had rais'd, and did complain,
 That they were very ill-us'd men
 By those who led them by the snout,
 (With many an artful trick no doubt),
 But yet behind backs did not slack,
 To call them a d—n'd blackguard pack.

The seeds of discord being sown,
 Th' unruly 'ssemblage did begin,
 To shew their piques at those who led them
 To spend their cash, but never paid them.
 And brought them into *certain peril*,
 To aid *their* cause, and back *their* quarrel.

‘ ‘Mong these there was a politician,
 ‘ With more heads than the beast in vision,
 ‘ And more intrigues in ev’ry one,
 ‘ Than all the whores of Babylon.
 ‘ So politic, as if one eye
 ‘ Upon the other was a spy,
 ‘ That to trepan the one to think
 ‘ The other blind, both strove to blink,
 ‘ And in his *dark* pragmatic way
 ‘ As busy as a child at play.
 ‘ *Reform’d* by the witchcraft of Rebellion,
 ‘ From being a feeble state-camelion,
 ‘ But being *out* and void of hopes,
 ‘ To mount his ladder all of ropes,
 ‘ He strove to raise himself upon
 ‘ The *public ruin*, and his *own*.
 ‘ So little did he understand
 ‘ The desp’rate feats he took in hand,
 ‘ But shew’d his judgment was cut fit,
 ‘ And made a tally to his wit ;
 ‘ And both together *most profound*,
 ‘ At *deeds of darkness* under ground :
 ‘ As th’ earth is easiest undermin’d,
 ‘ By vermin impotent and blind.

' To match this chief there was another,
 ' As busy and perverse a *brother*,
 ' An haberdasher of small wares,
 ' In politics and state-affairs,
 ' So suddenly addicted still
 ' To's *only principle* his, *will*;
 ' That howsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
 ' No force of argument cou'd move.
 ' For he at any time wou'd hang,
 ' For th' opportunity to harangue;
 ' And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 ' Than miss his dear delight to *wrangle*.
 ' These state artificers foresaw,
 ' Which way the world began to draw,
 ' And therefore each did cast about,
 ' All ways he cou'd, to insure his throat,
 ' And to the utmost do his best,
 ' To save himself and hang the rest.'
 Mean time, with many a hiss and groan,
 The Babylonish farce went on.
 ' For when they came to shape their model,
 ' Not one could fit another's noddle;
 ' Some were for keeping up a King,
 ' But many more for no such thing.

While others very busy were
 For S——pe, L——le, and D——er.
 Some were for this, and some that way,
 And some stood up and spoke for G-ey :
 To make the beastly power complete,
 When furnish'd with four *iron* feet,
 With which to tread upon the Nation.
 Blest democratic reformation !
 Some said they never could endure,
 If that drunk patriot Sydney Muir
 Was not employ'd to hold the pail
 Behind the filthy monster's tail.
 For *be* th' *illustrious* martyr was,
 In horn'd Anarchy's black cause ;
 And very well deserv'd the place
 Of superintendant to her a—se.
 Some said it would 'be a sad blot,
 If *pious* Palmer was forgot,
 And where cou'd they e'er get a better,
 Then Fysh' to be the *Priest* of *Nature*.
 For shou'd religion be abolish'd,
 And every sacred thing demolish'd,
 Most certainly it would be best,
 To have a national high priest,

To

To sit in philosophy's temples,
 As't was at Athens 'mong the Gentiles.
 When Paul did *foolishly* explode,
 The worship of the unknown God.
 Whose *darken'd* creed is now again
 Reviv'd by the *enlightned* men;
 Who claim *their rights* to miss the mark,
 By wand'ring *freely* in the dark:
 And to invoke, perhaps by chance,
 The Devil, the civic God of France.
 And on their knees before him tumble,
 For folks i' the dark are apt to stumble.
 At first perhaps it may seem odd,
 Republicans shou'd, for their God,
 Adopt the *powerful Prince of air*,
 But yet, with them, it is held fair
 To bribe the devil to back their work,
 He's no worse despot than the Turk,
 Whom, *Frenchmen like*, they tried to wheedle,
 To prop their democratic idol.

Thus long they squabble, rave, and jest,
 Their brains with whisky fumes oppress,
 The *rogues* now saw the fire they'd rais'd,
 Woul'd not be easily appeas'd.

They

They therefore left the *fools* to quench it,
 And made retreat for fear they'd drench it
 With their own blood, as they might dread,
 From those they had so much mislead.
 The *fools* being thus left to *themselves*,
 Fell hand to fist, like sturdy elves!
 So *equally* the blows were dealt,
 Each gave his right hand *friend* a pelt;
 Until the floor was soak'd in blood,
 In the true French fraternal mood;
 And, most of them were in a trance,
 You'd thought the scene had chang'd to France,
 For *Members* upon *Members* lay,
 And *Presidents* block'd up the way,
 With heads, and feet, and hats, and haunches;
 The *dead-drunk* Citizens on benches
 Were strew'd so thick, and block'd so fast,
 That those *alive* stood quite aghast!
 Their senses conquer'd by the smells,
 Their ears confounded with the yells
 Of those before them, fighting for
 That post of honour call'd *the door*;
 To which all bent their course in haste,
 And bad the Devil take the last.

And

And now the *cause* of this confusion,
 Of fatal madness and delusion,
 Being question'd out, and searched after,
 None could be found wou'd own the daughter,
 Nor father the delirious child,
 Whose pranks and fool'ries had so spoil'd
 The peace and welfare of the nation,
 'Bout taxes, freaks, and *reformation*.
 When, lo ! it came out, by confession
 Of some, who join'd in the transgression,
 That Britain ow'd her children's shame
 To Hell and discord's *common* pimp, Tom Paine.

Each gen'rous breast now view'd with scorn,
 That impotent, weak, canker-worm,
 Who, laking wisdom, tried his art,
 To eat into the † LION's heart.
 This monstrous hollow-hearted fool,
 Devoid of grace, the Devil's tool,
 Puff'd up by him, did entertain
 His vagrant, idle, crazy brain,
 With *dreams* of moving heav'n and earth,
 For which he *formed a league with death* ;
 And took *destruction* in his train,
 His *ends* the easier to gain.

But

† Old England.

But Nick has left him in the lurch,
 The way he always deals with such,
 As take his counsels for their guide.
 The *hero* now is laid aside,
 By those who got their lessons from him,
 Who now will be the first to *d—n* him;
 And catch him fast in his *own trap*.
 The *guillotine*, with which they flap
 The heads of all their worthies quick,
 And send them shorn to OLD NICK,
 As *firstlings* of his blessed flock,
 The Devil's rams and proper stock:
 From whom they'll get a warm reception,
 Upon the score of *old connection*.

May Heav'n befriend Britannia's Isle,
 With choicest blessings on her smile,
 Spread *peace* and *virtue* o'er her land,
 O! may her sons united stand,
 To choose the good, avoid the ill,
 With heart and hand defend her still,
 And happy in their Sovereign's care,
 Prize well the benifons they share,
 Securely under Freedom's sway,
 Where *prince and people BOTH obey*

The

The sov'reign mandate of the laws ;
 Where both the poor and rich have cause
 To thank that Providence, who set,
 As on a rock, their happy feet,
 From death and danger far away,
 While their *sad neighbours* are a prey
 To e'ery woe, to every pain,
 Which heart can feel, or flesh sustain.

O Heav'n ! prolong thy gracious care,
 And make us thankful as we are ;
 With health and freedom bless our soil,
 Beguile our cares, and cheer our toil ;
 And, when our mortal race is past,
 Conduct us safe to THEE at last.

FINIS.

